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AN ANCIENT CITY—ITS IMPROVEMENTS AND IMPROVER.

'Another Day at St Andrews, papa; and this time, take us with you, for we long to see what that singular man Major Playfair has been doing since you visited the town three years ago.*' So spoke a young voice representing more persons than one; and being in a mild mood at the moment, I was foolish enough to give an assenting answer. Once in for a promised treat to these youngsters, I always find it the best policy to come to performance as quickly as possible, there being no such thing as rest to be expected in the interval; so the second evening thereafter saw us on our way through Fife by a coach which might be regarded as in interesting and almost affecting circumstances, seeing that on Saturday night it was to be numbered among the things of the past, the railway being announced to open at the beginning of the ensuing week. We felt the tedium of the conveyance, and yet could not, without a sigh, think of even the last of a stage-coach. It was evening when we drove into the broad venerable streets of the ancient city. We therefore had no expectation of seeing any of the characteristic features of the place till the dawning of another day. We had, however, scarcely settled ourselves at a late tea, when one of the young people peeping through the window-blind of our parlour, announced the rise of a full-moon of portentous magnitude, and it instantly occurred to us that, the night air being cool and pleasant, we might have a walk before retiring.

Threading some narrow streets and lanes, we soon reached the fine terrace called the Scores, lying between the town and the sea, which here dashes at the bottom of a sandstone cliff of nearly sixty feet in height. I had formerly enjoyed this promenade by daylight, charmed with the view which it afforded of a vast sweep of the scenery of Perth and Forfarshires—for which it seemed only inferior to the Calton Hill of Edinburgh; but I was not prepared for the fine effect of the moonlight in such a situation. While the effulgent luminary rode unbridled through the cloudless vault, the town lay in huge dark masses to the south, tipped only with the aerial silver. In full light, and therefore in strong contrast, rose on the other hand the ruins of the ancient castle, casting a giant shadow backward across the glittering sea. This passed, we speedily came to the ruins of the cathedral and ancient Culdee church, an assemblage of objects at all times fine, but now a perfect romance of beauty. Taking our station on a hillock overhanging the sea, we could see the large churchyard and its monuments fully below our feet, the light being sufficient to enable us to parti-

cularise every stone; while from the midst of them all sprung up the isolated gable of the cathedral and St Regulus' square tower, like irregular twin columns, the moon shining through between them. A side wall of the cathedral, with a row of entire Gothic windows, through which the moonshine poured, had also a fine effect. Glancing from this to the sea, which laboured not more than fifty horizontal feet from the base of the ruins, one could not but attest that a poetry had mingled with the piety of the ancient religious men who chose this situation for a temple. Worthy was it to be the last adopted resting-place of the bones of one who had followed the Nazarene—for in this moonlight the legend of St Andrew was not to be disbelieved, and it seemed nothing improbable that the whole of the European nations had taken their form and boundaries long after this dark-gray tower was reared! The story, after all, has some plausibility even in a sober daylight consideration, for it is now discovered that the very peculiar architecture of the old church and its tower is *Byzantine*, and a Scottish antiquary lately visiting Patras, whence it is said came the colony of monks who founded it (bringing with them the relics of St Andrew), found still rife there the very names of the men enumerated in the ancient legend. Henceforth let us not disbelieve a thing merely because it has been related by the indwellers of a monastery.

We prolonged our ramble to the little rough antique harbour, and along under the grand old wall built by Prior Hepburn to enclose the concerns of this princely religious establishment. Every step of our progress brought out into the moonlight some bit of hoary masonry, rough perhaps with sculpture, or honey-combed by the sea-breezes. Much was coarse, but we felt that nothing was commonplace, scarcely even the matters of present domestic existence which would everywhere intrude. We returned to our inn with a strong sense of the peculiar character of the place, and of the charm which it possesses for impressionable minds.

With the next day awoke an interest in those modern improvements for which the town is now almost as much celebrated as it formerly was for its relics of antiquity. I was eager to renew my acquaintance with that extraordinary Major Playfair who, at the close of 1843, had introduced me to the many remarkable operations which he was then carrying on for the *decoration* of his native city. He was fortunately at home, and with his characteristic promptitude, entered my parlour almost as soon as the waiter who had carried my message. The same hardy strong-set figure, vigorous florid face, and firm hearty voice and blunt manner as before—the same resolute grasp of the hand—the same readiness to do the honours of his domain. 'And so, major, you are still provost, notwithstanding all the

* See No. 3, new series.

good you have done. One would have expected to find your fellow-townsmen tired before this time of hearing your praises.' 'Why, as to that, many of them are heartily sick of my services, and anxious for my promotion. Meanwhile, here am I, still "my lord," and at your service.' 'Well, I wish to see your works now they are comparatively complete: can you be my conductor?' 'With all my heart—come along.' In two minutes we were in the street.

The South Street of St Andrews was formerly a handsome and even imposing one, broad, composed of tall and goodly houses, and slightly bending, like the High Street of Oxford, so as to insure a constant change of scenery as one moved along. It was now, however, very much improved from its former self; for, while all those good features remained, a rough causeway, filling it from side to side, had been replaced by an arrangement in which a central line was laid down after the rule of Mr Macadam, with margins of causeway, while near the houses ran lines of flagstones, forming a double promenade of the most elegant description. This pavement is the major's great work. It was a thing long wanted for the comfort of the inhabitants; but unless a new pavement for St Andrews could have been formed, like that of a certain inferior region of good intentions, there was no chance of its being executed under any former management, seeing that the corporation had no funds to bestow in such a manner. Provost Playfair commenced a subscription amongst the inhabitants, made application to natives and well-wishers of the ancient city, however distant; and by the vigour of his procedure, soon raised the necessary funds. It was no small task; but no one will at all comprehend the case unless he acquires the idea that the major is a man of genius, of great insight into human character, of wonderful command of argument, and untiring perseverance in working out his ends. He wiled, screwed, pinched, *curried* the money out of men. Very few possessing any means at all could wholly resist him. When enabled to commence operations, he was sleeplessly diligent in engineering and superintending, and thus caused every penny of the money to do the utmost possible work. The lines of foot pavement could not be placed close to the houses, as these were not all in a straight line; it was necessary to lay them at a little distance, and certain irregular gaps were therefore left to be filled with causewaying as of old. This created an unexpected demurrage; but the eloquence of the major overcame all difficulties, and in the long-run, most of the proprietors of houses filled these spaces with additional pavement at their own expense. The consequence is, that in some places the entire pavement is of princely width; and while individual hardships are forgotten, the community is universally pleased. The indefatigable provost at the same time performed some wonderful exploits, in whisking away certain unseemly projections upon the line of way, using, I believe, all kinds of means for the purpose, even to the expenditure of not a little of his own money. In some instances he had these operations effected at an early hour in the morning, so that men wakened, like Aladdin's father-in-law, to see buildings wanting which existed when they went to sleep. A feeling of insecurity took possession of some persons who knew that they stood in the way; and it is told that, in one house which had an elbow pushed into a lane too narrow otherwise, the family kept watch and ward for a night or two while matters were at their highest crisis, lest this modern magician should have all smack smooth before morning. Many, however, caught a happy contagion from his spirit, and commenced volunteer reforms on their property, to the no small help of the general effect.

As we rambled into other streets, I found that similar changes had taken place in nearly every quarter, so that walking in them, from being a penance, had become a pleasure. The means had been procured in various ways—by subscription, by sales of ladies' work, by an

exhibition of pictures collected from the salons of the neighbouring gentry, everything, I believe, short of downright larceny. At the same time, a thousand small matters of convenience had been attended to, and a system of careful and thorough cleaning rigidly enforced. Amongst the greatest of the doings of the major, was the perforation of a dense mass of town with a neat street, serving as a needful communication between one district and another, and which the inhabitants insist upon calling Playfair Terrace. Had not the worthy provost bought up the property for this purpose at his own hazard, it certainly could not have been effected. Neatness and propriety were everywhere predominant, excepting only in the fishermen's quarter, and even there, some changes for the better were apparent. The major, however, had not confined his exertions to his own department. Prompted by his spirit, a well-known millionaire had projected a wholly new *quarter* of the city, to accommodate the many persons in easy circumstances who now flock to St Andrews, for the sake of its numberless pleasant qualities and circumstances. At the instigation of the major, the Commissioners of Woods and Forests had laid out the sepulchral precincts of the ruined cathedral in such a manner as to render them an agreeable—at least a solemnly agreeable—promenade, and they were now much resorted to accordingly. He had also taken up the long-neglected case of the college of St Salvador, and succeeded in urging the government to complete its renovation. This work was now advancing. The rude old hall, which had long been unfit for use, was pulled down, as were several clumps of equally dismal masonry, reared in ages when taste was not, and even comfort hardly had a recognised place in men's affections. In their stead there had been reared a beautiful structure, in the form of a half quadrangle, including not only good classrooms for the professors, but a large hall of meeting, a private business-room, and a spacious apartment to serve as a museum. An arcade, serving to complete the external decorations of the beautiful old chapel, and a terraced garden, were also in progress. The ancient mother of the Scotch universities must soon, therefore, assume a form worthy of her—a union of ancient and modern edifices truly elegant and graceful. All this is mainly the result of the major's diligence and force of character, for it does not appear that any other influence connected with the university could have induced the government to grant the means. The money has been most economically as well as judiciously expended; and the expenditure seems fully justified by the prospects of the institution, which, from various causes, are decidedly brightening.

In the course of our ramble, the young people had seen the chief curiosities usually shown to strangers in St Andrews. I therefore felt myself at liberty to conclude with a visit to the major's own residence, which I had heard was amongst the things not the least worthy of attention in the ancient city. I must take some pains to describe it, for it conveys, in my opinion, a most agreeable idea of the domestic establishment of a man living in independent circumstances, and mingling the enjoyments proper to the evening of a well-spent life with the volunteer labours of a public-spirited citizen. Imagine, in a situation retired from the principal street, a long irregular building, partly old, and partly new, having a tall antique structure placed at the opposite side of a courtyard, the whole being the relics of a suppressed college (St Leonards), but altered to suit the requirements of a private family. Behind the house, towards the south, is a large productive garden, lying beautifully to the sun, and surrounded by ancient turreted walls. Here the patriotic major and his amiable lady spend their cheerful and hospitable life, surrounded by a blooming troop of children of nearly all ages. The owner's character is everywhere to be traced. In the courtyard, a servant was taking the portrait of a visitor by the kalotype process, of which Major Playfair was an early and successful cultivator. In the lobby, we

found some optical instruments, which are occasionally called into use in amusing company. The parlour we found half hung round with kalotype portraits, a perfect gallery of the family's circle of acquaintance, many of whom now live at the distance of half the globe. Amongst these sun-pictures are many presenting groups of ladies, gentlemen, and children, seated in arbours, or under garden trees, or in parlours. These are generally combinations of some portion of the family, with their relations and friends, taken at times when the latter were living at St Leonards, or had casually called. The pictures, therefore, serve as memorials of those meetings and associations which often survive so long in memory's waste, but which could by no other available means be recalled in their actual features. Ages hence, if preserved so long, these little frames will depict domestic groups of our era, 'in bodily habit as they lived,' not a peculiarity of costume wanting or changed. In the same apartment is a series of Indian landscapes, done by various officers in the major's regiment in Bengal, and presented to him in gratitude for the care he had taken of them, and the instructions he had given to them, when they were young in the service. In his own room, the active character of the man is strongly traced in the numberless philosophical instruments, maps, plans, books, bundles of papers, knick-nackeries of all kinds, which are seen around. One can see it is the retreat of a man who is never one moment idle. It is also visibly the temple of the *practical*, even while something of whim and drollery mingles with most things the major has to do with.

A door from the dining-room admitted us directly into the garden, which all of us declared with one voice to be the *bonne bouche*, for nowhere else are the characteristics last hinted at more strongly displayed. Having been formed at a time when the family were young, it was fitted up, as I may say, with an especial regard to their amusement, at the same time that instruction was not overlooked. At the head of the principal alley, a figure of the sun is placed: along the alley, perched on sticks, are figures of the various planets and their satellites, in such sizes, and at such intervals, as to express their relations to the sun and to each other, while the chief elements of each are stated on a tablet below. In the same line are inserted small tablets, expressing, by the distance from the head of the walk to the several points indicated, the length of the principal large vessels of modern times—the Britannia royal ship of 130 guns, the Great Western and Great Britain steamers. Here, however, the most remarkable thing is a light paling which extends along one side of the walk, bearing a continuous slip of wood, on which is painted the chronology of the world in the ratio of an inch to every year. It is wholly the work of the major's own hands, and cost him four months to execute. As you pass along, you first catch a few sparse notices, as, 'At this time men began to call on the name of the Lord'—'Methuselah born'—'Adam dies'; and so forth. Half way down the walk, you find King David reigning, and the Greeks sacking Troy. Then come the glories of Rome—the darkness of the middle ages—the Crusades; and the rise of the modern nations. At the close, under 1830 and 1831, we have, 'Reform Bill introduced'—'Riots and disorder very general'—and finally, in a somewhat larger size of lettering, a sentence which no doubt sounded at the time like a knell—'Britain having attained a position of power, glory, and respectability never enjoyed by any other nation, it required a mighty effort to subvert her stability. This was effected on 7th June 1832, from which we may observe the decline of the British empire!' I trust that the ingenious chronologist will by and by add a postscript detailing the dismal events which have occurred during the ensuing period of national decay and degradation. Turning to another part of the garden, we find the ancient mill-course of the priory passing through it—a provocation to device and contrivance which such a man as Major Playfair could not have resisted. Accord-

ingly, as the water rushes along, it is made to perform a great number of ingenious feats for the amusement of the family and the public. First, however, you see a Chinese bridge across it, with a number of tiny animals and human beings thronging over in different directions. Then come water-works, including jets, straight and spiral, dancing balls, a Barker's mill, the hydraulic ram, Archimedes' screw, wind-gauge, rain-gauge, &c. &c.—these being connected with a tall pagoda-like structure, in which a Chinese emperor swings about in obedience to every passing breeze, and a revolving wheel, fitted up with obliquely-arranged mirrors, casts reflections on every surrounding object. Then there are rockeries in all forms and dressings. Finally comes a pavilion, containing a little puppet theatre and an organ, all of which may be put in motion by a water-wheel, which can be sunk into the mill-course, while, to appearance, the mechanism is driven by a man toiling at a windlass. The grotesque waltzing party here presented elicited shouts from my young people, and sent us all away in the highest good-humour. Altogether, the mixture of cleverness, humour, and rationality which we had seen at St Leonards, made a strong impression on me, and I could not help applauding a life in which the gifts of fortune and the high privilege of leisure are to all appearance so felicitously used.

I returned from St Andrews more than ever convinced of the immense power for good which exists in every individual of mankind. Here is one not inconsiderable bit of our common country—a town of above five thousand inhabitants—which has been in five years, as it were, transmuted into something better, through the almost sole efforts of one private citizen. May not similar phenomena be effected elsewhere? When I ask the question, I feel how unjust it is to such doings as those of Major Playfair to regard them in their material aspect, or to designate them as local. Physical in the first place, they are in the long-run moral, in as far as elegance and cleanliness are refining and ennobling influences. Through the principle of example, they are operations not merely upon one little spot of ground, but which may be expected to exercise an influence on surrounding districts, so as finally to affect the whole country. But if they did nothing else than show what one man may do by a well-directed mind for the benefit of his fellow-creatures, they would fulfil a high object, and be entitled to the public gratitude.

FACTS RESPECTING THE SLAVE-TRADE.

A SHORT time ago we presented, from a London newspaper, an abstract of a late report to parliament on the present position of the slave-trade, which it was shown was apparently as far from extinction as ever. A communication still more lately made by a committee of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society to the First Lord of the Treasury, offers such remarkable and instructive evidence on the insufficiency of all past efforts to put down the trade in negro slaves, that we take the liberty of returning to the subject, with a view to popular information. The communication in question, as we perceive from the 'Daily News,' opens with an announcement of the conviction, 'that so long as slavery exists, there is no reasonable prospect of the annihilation of the slave-trade, or of extinguishing the sale and barter of human beings'; further, that the employment of armed force must ever prove inadequate, and that 'the extinction of slavery and the slave-trade will be attained most effectually by employing means of a moral, religious, and pacific character.' The communication proceeds to notice the extent of the slave-trade, and the melancholy results of all past efforts at its suppression, concluding with the expression of an opinion which it is impossible any longer to resist.

With respect to the extent of the slave-trade, it appears that from the year 1816 to 1843, both inclusive, the number of African negroes landed for the purposes of slavery on

the islands and on the continent of America, so far as the same could be made up from the official reports, was 657,167; of these 18,042 were captured, and brought to or driven on shore on the islands or coasts of America, and there liberated. But it is clear, from the documents on which this statement is founded, that a much larger number of slaves was landed than is here given. The number of vessels reported to have landed their slaves during the period stated was 2313, of which the number of slaves on board 545 could not be ascertained. These slaves probably carried about 268,000 slaves, which, added to 657,000, will give a total of 865,000 victims for the twenty-seven years. Yet this estimate, fearful as it is in the aggregate, does not approach the actual number of wretched Africans who were torn from their homes, and securely landed in the transatlantic slave-markets. It is highly probable that treble the number would scarcely approach the truth. At the present time, it is believed, on good authority, that the number of Africans annually imported into the Spanish colonies and Brazil amounts to from 80,000 to 100,000.

The great secrecy with which the slave-trade is now carried on, and the facilities which the extensive coasts of Cuba and Brazil offer for the landing of slaves, together with the connivance and venality of the authorities, render it impossible to obtain a correct estimate of the negroes imported, or the places at which they are landed. This is admitted by her majesty's consular agents and commissioners residing in those countries. But all agree that the number is immense.

The latest official reports indicate an increased activity in the slave-trade. The commissioners at Sierra Leone, in their report for 1844, say that, notwithstanding the augmentation of the cruisers, the addition of steam-vessels, and the increased vigilance of the squadron, "We believe that the slave-trade is increasing, and that it is conducted perhaps more systematically than it ever has been hitherto;" and they add, "Nearly all the former noted slave-haunts appear to be still frequented, and in spite of the stringent measures adopted by the British commodore with the powerful force under his command, there can be no question but that there has been a very large number of slaves transported both to Cuba and Brazil." Her majesty's commissary judge at the Havana, in his report for the same year, gives it as his opinion that 10,000 Africans had been brought into slavery during that period, and adds, "that the fears expressed in the report of the 1st of January 1844, respecting an active continuance of the trade, have been confirmed." This gentleman further states, that if the average of the importations of slaves does not equal at the present time the number annually introduced previously to the administration of General Valdez, "the cause must be ascribed to the smaller demand for slaves, rather than to the diminished activity of the dealers, or prohibitory measures of the government;" and he gives it as his opinion, that "if it suited their interests to send vessels," whether from Havana or other parts of Cuba, he doubts whether they would be deterred by the fear of the blockading squadron." Her majesty's commissioners at Rio de Janeiro, in their report, remark that "the importation of African slaves during the year 1844 has not diminished;" that the slave-dealers have "managed to obtain the cover of different flags, under which they place in Africa, without risk, the indispensable means of pursuing their nefarious trade;" that enjoying "the certain protection of their own government on the shores and in the territorial waters of the empire, they cannot but augment their infamous transactions, stimulated by the profits they leave, and regardless of the horrors they occasion." These profits must be immense; for we are told, on the same authority, "that the capture of four vessels would not subject them to loss, provided the fifth was successful in landing the slaves in Brazil." Among the instances given of the successful prosecution of this detestable traffic, is that of Manuel Pinto da Fonseca, who, the commissioners state, "has publicly declared that his profits in the African trade alone, during the year 1844, were 1,300,000,000 reas, or about L150,000!"

With respect to the incompetency of an armed force to suppress the slave-trade, the foregoing facts might be deemed sufficient; but the papers laid before parliament still further demonstrate this point. It appears from official returns, that from the year 1829 to 1844, both inclusive, the number of slaves captured and adjudicated in the Mixed Commission Courts at Sierra Leone, the Havana, Rio de Janeiro, and other places, was 407, and the number

of slaves liberated, 57,639. About 150 of the slavers were captured under the equipment article. In two cases the prosecution was abandoned by the captors, and in twenty cases no adjudication took place; so that the actual number of slaves condemned amounted to 383. But these captures were but few compared to the great number of cases which escaped the vigilance and activity of the British cruisers. The fact is, the skilful arrangements, the daring energy, and the personal impunity enjoyed by all parties engaged in the slave-trade, are found to be more than a match for the present, or indeed for any squadron of cruisers that can be employed on the coast of Africa in that service.

It is evident to the committee, that whilst vessels of all descriptions and sizes are employed in the slave-trade, few comparatively of the larger size are captured; and from facts which an analysis of the returns has brought to light, it would appear that many of the slavers taken are used as decoys; and that the principal business of the British cruisers now is to recapture old slavers. This fact is strikingly exhibited in the return made by Commodore Jones, of the slave-vessels detained by the squadron under his command from April 1, 1844, to August 26, 1845. The captures were seventy-one. Of these, only twenty were detained for the first time; the others had passed the courts frequently—namely, fourteen had been condemned twice; twelve thrice; nine four times; five five times; four six times; three seven times; one eight times; one nine times; one ten times; and one eleven times. Of these seventy-one slavers, fifteen only were captured with slaves on board; the rest were detained under the equipment article. These facts prove two things: first, that the losses of the slave traffickers are not very heavy, especially as through their agents at Sierra Leone and elsewhere they have the power of repurchasing the detained vessels and their stores at extremely low rates, and of sending them forth again and again on their detestable voyages; and secondly, that this country is put to heavy charges, in the shape of prize-money, on vessels which are frequently captured under circumstances which scarcely admit of a doubt of their having been used as decoys.

It is impossible, perhaps, to give an exact estimate of the sums of money which have been expended by this country in the attempt to suppress the slave-trade. It is highly probable, however, that L20,000,000 sterling have been devoted, first and last, to this branch of the public service. There is not only the direct expense incurred by the cruisers which have been employed on the coasts of Africa, the West Indies, and Brazil, but that which has been paid to foreign powers to secure their co-operation, the expenditure in and for Sierra Leone, the Gold Coast, and Fernando Po, bounties paid to captors of slavers, salaries to the mixed commissions, pensions, &c. &c. According to the latest estimate, the charge for the suppression of the slave-trade is stated as follows:—Vessels employed in the west coast of Africa, L291,501; and for vessels not exclusively employed on that coast, L414,953; total, L706,454, exclusive of the sums paid to captors, mixed commissioned courts, &c. Probably, the amount actually expended is more than L1,000,000 sterling per annum. So vast an expenditure on ineffective efforts to suppress this hateful traffic, clearly shows the impolicy of the measures hitherto adopted to secure that end.

But to this expenditure must be added the loss of life sustained by the cruisers on the pestilential shores of Africa, from which the dangerous and the destructive character of the service to British officers and seamen becomes apparent. By returns made in 1841, it appears that, during the preceding eleven years, the number of deaths on the West African station amounted to 840, of whom eighteen were killed in action with slavers. The number wounded is not given, nor the amount of invalids sent home during the period, but they must have been considerable. The number of cruisers employed varied from year to year from seven to nineteen, and the complement of men from 710 to 1536. The deaths, &c. which took place on board of vessels employed in the same service in the West Indies, Brazil, &c. are not given. A more perfect return for 1845 has, however, been laid before parliament, from which it appears that the number of ships of war of all classes employed for the suppression of the slave-trade was fifty-six, mounting 886 guns, and manned by 9289 men. The mortality and casualties are stated as follow:—Number of deaths of officers and men in vessels employed

on the west coast of Africa, 166; and in those not exclusively employed on that coast, 93—total, 259; officers and men invalided, 271; making a grand total of 530. Such a waste of life and health in a service which, it must be allowed, has failed in its object, is greatly to be deplored. But when it is found associated with other evils of a more aggravated character—that, in point of fact, it increases rather than diminishes the horrors of the traffic—it may be hoped that the government will pause before it sanctions the continuance of the system, or recommends further grants of the public money for its support.

'The frightful misery and death to which the armed suppression of the slave-trade gives rise on board the slavers, is most afflicting. Since the traffic has been declared contraband, it is an undoubted fact that the vessels employed in the transport of slaves from Africa to Cuba and Brazil, have been constructed rather for swift sailing than for stowage, and yet that on board of them incredible numbers of slaves are usually packed. The history of human suffering and crime presents no picture so truly heartrending and revolting as that which is frequently witnessed on board the slavers. In the list of captures furnished by Commodore Jones for 1844-5, we find a felucca of ten tons loaded with 40 slaves, another of eighty-one tons with 312 slaves, a schooner of ninety-four tons with 444 slaves, a brigantine of sixty-seven tons with 435 slaves, and another of one hundred and thirty tons with 685 slaves, besides their crews and stores! Of course the most frightful misery, disease, and death result from this overcrowding; and the wretched victims who survive the perils of their voyage, are usually in so diseased and emaciated a state, as might justly fill with indignation and sorrow the hearts of all not hardened by participation in this atrocious trade. Even in those cases in which the cruisers have been successful for a time in driving the slavers from particular parts of the coast, the slaves accumulated in the barracoons for shipment have suffered "much disease and mortality from the crowded state of those places, and a scarcity of food," as may be seen from the last official report of the commissioners at Sierra Leone. The committee would add, that there are good grounds for believing that, in some of these cases, the slaves are deliberately butchered to avoid the cost of their maintenance, and the trouble of securing them.

'It is, then, incontrovertible that the coercive principle, as applied to the suppression of the slave-trade, has failed; that it costs this country an immense amount of treasure; that it wastes the health and lives of British seamen; that it aggravates the horrors, without sensibly mitigating the extent, of the traffic; and that some other means must be found, if ever this scourge of the human race be removed.'

BENITO, THE HORSE-TAMER.

THE traveller in Mexico, while threading his way through the dense forests of the country, or crossing its scorching deserts and vast savannahs, not unfrequently meets with a party of *vagueros*—those indomitable horsemen—riding fearlessly along, their lassos coiled on their saddles, conducting a train of furious-looking horses to market, or preparing for a chase among the numerous herds of wild cattle which roam in thousands over the broad grassy plains. In one of my journeys across the sandy regions in the northern part of the country, I arrived, after encountering fearful privations, at the establishment of Don Ramon, to which I had some weeks before been invited.

The farm, if such it can be called, which was devoted principally to the rearing of horses, was situated in the centre of a small district, whose fertility, in striking contrast to the surrounding waste of sand, was maintained by the presence of an abundant and inexhaustible spring, which gushed from the soil at the foot of a group of stately ash-trees. The surface of the smooth green turf was dotted here and there with clusters of sumachs and gum-trees, while immense troops of cattle, horses, and sheep were galloping or moving slowly across the enclosure, to drink at one of the little water-courses which were led in all directions over the surface of the ground. At a short distance beyond stood the

house, serving at once as fortress, church, and dwelling, in the form of a huge parallelogram, flanked by long rows of stables and low buildings, in which the numerous domestics were lodged.

Fastening my horse to a post in the courtyard, which I was surprised to find deserted, I crossed to an open door, whence a voice issued in monotonous tones. It was the chaplain reciting prayers; and being Saturday evening, the whole household were present, in accordance with the old Spanish custom. Among them were two females, whom, as well as could be ascertained through their *rebozos*, or veils, I took to be Don Ramon's wife and daughter. The latter absorbed the whole attention of a young man, who entered soon afterwards and knelt on the floor among the others. A tedious interval followed, when at length the last response was chanted, and the whole assembly rose to their feet and dispersed.

We had scarcely exchanged greetings when supper was announced. The head of the long narrow table was occupied by Don Ramon, the chaplain, and myself; the remaining space was filled by a crowd of servants of both sexes, who, with patriarchal simplicity, ate at the same table with their masters. I was astonished and disgusted at the profusion of dishes: excepting a fine piece of venison, the others consisted of fowls dressed in an ocean of pimento sauce, or buried under a mountain of rice, from which exhaled an insufferable odour of saffron. Besides these, there were enormous masses of half-cold beef, surrounded by rancid olives, dried raisins, and indescribable vegetables: all rapidly disappeared, however, before the appetites of the hungry household. The absence of liquid was remarkable; but in Mexico no one drinks during dinner.

The capacious flagons were brought in, and each person drank in turn, when Don Ramon informed me that I had arrived at a fortunate juncture, for that the next day would be the *herradero*, or annual counting and marking of the horses and cattle. The supper was eaten to celebrate the occasion: the meal generally consists of a cup of chocolate only; and to this cause was owing the absence of the ladies from the table.

It was scarcely daylight the next morning when I rose, and made my way to the apartment in which prayers had been chanted the previous evening. Don Ramon, his daughter Maria-Antonia, and the chaplain, were already assembled; the horses were waiting saddled at the door, and we immediately mounted. We rode to the edge of the wood, and waited the arrival of the herd which the *vagueros* were driving in. A confused noise was heard; the ground trembled; and suddenly, from every avenue of the wood rushed a serried column of cattle and horses, bellowing, neighing, and throwing their heels into the air, as the daring *vagueros* hurled their lassos from the rear. Our horses began to chafe, excited by the tumult; all at once the chaplain, letting his hood fall on his shoulders, galloped off at full speed after the torrent. His example was instantly followed by Maria-Antonia, who, with streaming hair as her horse flew over the ground, resembled a beautiful Amazon rushing to the charge. Don Ramon in turn spurred his horse to the rush, and whether or no, I was forced to join the tumultuous cavalcade. In a few minutes we reached the *torils*, or enclosures, into which the animals were driven; at first, all was an indescribable confusion of kicking, leaping, roaring, and neighing. By and by, however, the impotent struggles ceased, and the *herradero* commenced. Large fires of wood had been kindled on iron tripods placed at the entrance of the *toril*: the irons placed in the glowing coals had become red-hot; and the *vagueros*, after a few minutes of repose, proceeded to their rude and dangerous task.

Looking over the throng with an experienced eye, no sooner did they see a horse, bull, or heifer without their master's mark on the skin, than with a cast of the lasso they invariably secured the beast they wanted, amidst the confused multitude of horns and heads, which opened as the animal was drawn out of the en-

closure. A second vaquero then approached, and throwing his noose carelessly on the ground, made his horse leap, and in an instant the lassoed animal was stretched on the earth. Before he had time to recover from his surprise, the red-hot iron was hissing upon his flank, from which arose a little cloud of smoke; the thongs were then loosened, and the trembling beast galloped off to the woods. Very soon the dust and vapour arising from the *mélee* formed so thick a cloud, that we could scarcely distinguish what was going on within; sometimes a colt, mounted for the first time, leaped madly from the throng, with a vaquero on his back, striving in vain to escape from his rider and the pain of his wound.

The breaking in of a horse is the most dangerous part of the vaquero's business. Their manner of proceeding is, after the animal has been branded, to let it rise to its feet, if not too restive, when a leathern band is placed before its eyes; and, deprived of light, it generally stands quiet while the heavy saddle is strapped on. A horse-hair rope (*bozal*) is then passed over the nostrils, performing the double office of snaffle-bit and bridle. The vaquero, having assured himself of the security of the saddle, buckles on his enormous spurs, leaps on the creature's back, and removes the band from before its eyes. For an instant, the horse hesitates, but soon the sight of the plains, in which he has been accustomed to roam at liberty, makes him burst into a furious neigh, and try every means to shake off his burden. The saddle is too tightly strapped to give way; he then tries to bite the rider's legs; but a pull at the bozal, which presses over his nostrils, makes him desist. He then describes immense curves, throwing out prodigious kicks, and standing almost upright on his hind-legs, endeavours to dislodge the horseman by a sudden spring forwards. The rider, however, remains immovable in his seat, and in turn becomes the assailant. Two strokes of the spurs produce a cry of surprise and pain, followed by a succession of prodigious bounds; but the rider still maintains his position. The spurs are now worked without a pause; the terrified animal, as a last resource, tries to dash himself with his tormentor headlong against a tree; and failing this, finds it impossible to disobey the rider's will: in a word, he is broken—tamed. The vaquero takes breath, lights a cigar, and straps his still humid saddle on the back of another horse, and is ready to go through a similar trial.

We were seated on a temporary stage, erected under the shade of a group of sumachs; Don Ramon asked me if we had such horsemen in Europe. Instead of replying, I inquired whether accidents did not sometimes happen in these equestrian struggles.

'Now and then,' he answered. 'Two of my fellows were lately killed by the *Endemoniado*, and they have taken care not to bring him to the *herradero*.'

'And who is this *Endemoniado*?' I asked.

'A horse which has been mounted only twice: the first rider was trampled to pieces; the skull of the other was split against the branchless tree that you see yonder. These, however, are family affairs; the vaqueros and horses are both mine, and both have a perfect right to kill themselves if they please.'

The vaqueros began to utter excuses, when a man arrived unexpectedly, dragging an unwilling horse: it was the *Endemoniado*. The pain caused by a hair rope, which the new-comer had succeeded in passing round his upper lip, extorted a sullen obedience. The appearance of the animal justified its name—*Demoniac*, or *Possessed*; its colour was dark sorrel, with white legs, signs of a vicious temper. Its ears were pointed forwards, its long mane hung down in disorder, and every time it stamped, the hoof rung with a metallic sound against the pebbles. A look of alarm went through the attendants as Don Ramon asked, 'Now, my braves, which of you is going to mount the *Endemoniado* for the honour of the establishment? It will not do to let a horse boast of having frightened us all.'

Not a voice was raised in reply: presently some one called out the name of Benito Goya.

The individual signalled, whom I recognised as the young man who had fixed his regards so attentively on Don Ramon's daughter during the devotions of the previous evening, stepped before his chief, and replied—'If you think, *senor*, that I ought to get myself killed for the honour of the place, I am quite ready to do whatever you may order.'

A supplicating look from his daughter made Don Ramon hesitate; at last he rejoined, 'I have no right to order you to kill yourself; but if you will risk the adventure, I give you full and entire liberty.'

'It is well,' answered Benito, and turned away to make preparations for saddling the *Endemoniado*—no easy task; for, as if anticipating the intentions of the vaqueros, the horse began to kick furiously. A lasso was passed round the pastern of the left hind-leg, and passed tightly round the animal's breast, by which means the leg was drawn up close to the belly. The right fore-leg was bent upon itself by a similar process; and in this state of equilibrium the horse remained motionless. Benito threw the heavy saddle on the animal's back, drew the girth tight, and then sat down upon the sand to fix on his spurs. I looked at Maria Antonia: she sat motionless, but her large dark eyes, widely opened, glittered strangely in her pallid features, and her laboured breathing betrayed her emotion. Don Ramon himself seemed frightened, and for a moment I hoped he would withdraw the permission which exposed an intrepid young man to almost certain death; but he said nothing. When Benito had fastened his spurs, the horse's legs were released, and the band of leather placed before his eyes. Yet although held by the rope which wrung his lip, the tremendous plunging of the *Endemoniado* prevented all attempts to mount. He was made to kneel down; and two vaqueros, biting each one an ear of the animal, held him for a moment in this position. Benito leaped on his back, and in a firm voice desired the others to 'let go.'

The attendants rushed out of the way to the rear, while the *Endemoniado* leaped upwards, as though lifted by the release of a hidden spring. Thanks to the leathern band which blinded him, he stood at first trembling upon his legs, with distended nostrils and quivering body. Benito profited by this brief respite to secure himself in the saddle; then leaning forwards, he removed the covering from before the animal's eyes. A contest truly wonderful then commenced between the man and the horse. Startled by the sudden light dazzling his bloodshot eyes, his tangled mane bristling with rage, the impetuous beast uttered a terrible neigh, and, recoiling upon himself, bounded towards every quarter of the compass. Benito, without appearing disturbed by these efforts, held himself upon the defensive, defeating the horse's attempts to bite by severe kicks upon the mouth. Disappointed in his object, the *Endemoniado* went suddenly down upon his haunches. The spurs were now plied; but instead of rising to his feet, the horse fell violently over upon his back. A cry of alarm broke from the spectators; it was, however, only the pommel of the saddle that struck the ground: Benito, foreseeing the shock, had leaped rapidly off. An instant afterwards, enveloped in a cloud of dust, the daring horse-tamer was seen to remount on the contrary side to that fixed by the laws of equitation, at the same moment that the bewildered animal rose again to his feet with renewed neighings. The vaquero, in turn, appeared beside himself with rage. For the first time in his life he had been thrown off. Burning to wipe off the disgrace, he ploughed the creature's flanks incessantly with his formidable spurs, while, with a tight hand upon the hair snaffle, he rained a shower of blows upon the bruised hide of the *Endemoniado*. Neither side as yet could be said to have the advantage; and after a few minutes more of this desperate struggle, the two antagonists remained for an instant motionless. A burst of applause rang from every quarter; and whether

the vaquero was flattered by the movement, or wished to excite still further admiration, he profited by the brief interval to draw a long narrow knife from its place in the lacing of his boot.

'Holla!' exclaimed Don Ramon, whose feelings were excited when the life of a horse appeared to be at stake; 'is the fellow going to murder the Endemoniado?'

A flash of indignation glowed in the dark eyes of Maria-Antonia at the supposition that the man whom she had distinguished with her favour should prove a coward, followed by a proud smile at the sight of Benito, who, with reckless temerity, leant forward and cut the bozal in two, leaving himself thus, without any check or hold, at the mercy of an untameable beast. Finding his nostrils relieved from the pressure of the snaffle, the Endemoniado gave a loud snort, shook his long mane, and rushed madly towards the branchless tree before spoken of. Such was the impetuosity of his start, that no one doubted of his destruction against the obstacle standing in his way; nor did there appear any chance of the rider avoiding the same fate. Another stride, and the contest would be terminated; when, just as the Endemoniado was about to make the final spring, Benito, taking off his broad-brimmed hat, stretched out his arm and covered the animal's eyes. The horse recoiled in alarm; and we had then the extraordinary spectacle of a horseman guiding an unbroke steed without a bridle: the latter started in terror from side to side, according as the hat covered one eye or the other. In this way the animal passed before our seat, and a look from the maiden repaid the vaquero for his successful hardihood; his handsome features, animated by the consciousness of triumph, justified the maiden's choice. The Endemoniado was breathless and disconcerted at the unexpected resistance offered to him; but, roused anew by Benito, scampered off in the direction of the forest. We followed him with our eyes for some minutes as he swayed about like a reed under the prodigious strides of the animal, which seemed to devour the distance, and soon lost sight of him. A few cavaliers started after him; but such was his speed, that they soon gave up the useless pursuit.

It is unnecessary to repeat all the commentaries that attended the vaquero's disappearance. By some he was regarded as lost, notwithstanding his first triumph; for one of the Endemoniado's former victims had also escaped the fatal tree, and was afterwards found, far from the farm, trampled to death: others, however, were inclined to augur more favourably of the horse-tamer's skill. But after some time spent in idle speculation as to the fate of their comrade, they began in turn to display their powers and agility by a thousand feats of horsemanship: the thought of the absent vaquero, however, prevented my feeling interested in the exercises. An expression of the deepest anguish was imprinted on the beautiful features of Don Ramon's daughter. In vain her father besought her to retire: her looks remained fixed upon the place where Benito had disappeared, while her hands crushed convulsively the sumach flowers that hung around. More than an hour passed in this way; the sun rose higher and higher, and the landscape began to droop under the scorching heat. At length a long-drawn sigh escaped from the young girl's lips, which again resumed their rosy tint; an inexpressible joy beamed from her face, for a light cloud of dust seemed to be approaching far in the distance, and her heart told her who it was yet hidden behind the cloud. Benito, in fact, was coming, swift as the wind; the vaqueros suspended their exercises, and had scarcely time to form a double line to receive their victorious comrade. One glance was sufficient to show that the Endemoniado was at last broken; with panting sides, dimmed eyes, his hind quarters stained with a coating of dusty sweat, it was easy to see that the redoubtable animal was now obedient to the vivid terror inspired by his rider. The latter, with a countenance inflamed, and furrowed here and there by long scratches, his hair in disorder, his

clothes in tatters, showed all the signs of a dearly-bought victory. At the moment that the Endemoniado arrived opposite to our stage, Benito leaped suddenly backwards, uttered a cry, and the horse stopped short; his conqueror's voice now sufficed for his guidance. A general hurra then arose from all the vaqueros; while Benito, with the grace of a finished courtier, bent respectfully from his saddle, as though to lay the homage of his victory at Maria-Antonia's feet. New acclamations followed; and while a mixture of embarrassment, pride, and joy tinged the maiden's beautiful features, a bunch of sumach flowers fell into the vaquero's hands. The young man could scarcely contain his emotion; he turned pale, stammered, and, as if powerless against a flower thrown by the hand of a woman, the resolute cavalier trembled in his saddle.

Some hours afterwards, when the work of the herradero was completed, I was returning alone to the house, where I met one of the vaqueros. 'Agree, Senor Cavalier,' he said, addressing me, 'that Benito Goya is a happy mortal, for, unless I deceive myself, we shall have him for a new master before long.'

'It appears to me,' I replied, 'that he will only receive his deserts.'

MUSIC FOR ALL.

It has been justly said that music had no mortal artist for its inventor; it was implanted in man's nature, as a pure and heavenly gift, by the great Creator himself. Of all the fine arts, it alone comes home to every heart. The uncultivated rustic, who would feel less pleasure in contemplating the Apollo of Belvidere, than in gazing at one of the coarse-painted plaster-of-Paris figures hawked through the streets, and would turn from one of the finest of Titian's paintings to admire some flaring sign over a country inn, is alive to the tones of music, and can feel all his sympathies awakened by a tender or a lively air. Music is so much a part of our nature, surrounds us so completely in this vocal world of ours, that its influence begins at the cradle, and only ends at the grave; it has even been conceived to make part of the enjoyment in a happier state of existence. There is a sweet harmony even in inanimate nature—the measured flow of the waters, the regular rushing of the tide, the wintry gust sighing through the woods, or the summer breeze rustling the leaves, and the sweet echoes returned from rock to glen, or breathing in melting cadence along the waters—which gives the listener a feeling as if he were admitted to a communion with the unseen world.

When we consider the music of the animated world, the singing of birds, the hum of insects, the lowing of cattle, it seems reasonable to ask whether this melody is meant for the delight of man alone? Though his organs may be more delicately adapted for musical sounds, and his feelings more exquisitely alive to them, yet we may still believe that the lower creatures participate in some degree in the enjoyment—a belief that may be the more readily granted, from the innumerable instances on record of the pleasure which music has appeared to give them. We are told that musical sounds have wonderful power over the stag, exciting complacency, if not rapture; and that his enemies frequently employ the shepherd's pipe to lure him to destruction. Mr Playford mentions that he met a herd of stags, consisting of about twenty, on the road following a bagpipe and a violin. So long as the instruments were played, the stags went forward; when the music ceased, they stopped. In this way they travelled from Yorkshire to Hampton Court. The excitement of horses and of hounds, when they hear the hunter's horn, is well known. Stephanus states that he saw a lion leave its prey to listen to music. There is a remarkable instance of the delight which a flock of sheep and some goats took in listening to the flute, mentioned in the life of Haydn. A party of young people were enjoying themselves one summer's day on the side of a mountain

near Lake Maggiore. One of the party took out his flute and began to play. The sheep and goats, which were following each other towards the mountain, with their heads bent downwards, raised them at the first sound of the flute, and all advanced in haste to the spot from which the music proceeded. By degrees, they flocked round the musician, and listened in motionless delight. He ceased playing, but the sheep did not stir. The shepherd with his staff obliged those that were nearest to him to go on; but when the flute-player began to perform again, the flock returned to him. The shepherd became impatient, and began to pelt them with clods, to force them to move, but not one of them would stir. The shepherd, enraged with them, whistled, scolded, and finally pelted them with stones. Such as were struck passed on, but those who were not refused to stir. The shepherd had at length to intreat the musician to cease before he could get his flock to move; but whenever he resumed the instrument, they would stop at a distance to listen.

It is said by Goldsmith and others that the elephant appears delighted with music, and very readily learns to beat time, to move in measure, and even to join his voice to the sound of the drum and trumpet. Not long since, an officer mentioned that, at Gibraltar, the monkeys used to come forward to listen to the military bands, and during the time of their performance, would seat themselves on a wall to listen, retiring as soon as the music was over. It is well known that there have been dogs which evinced the greatest pleasure when they have heard music. The story of the dog at Rome, which went by the name of the Opera Dog, from his regular attendance at the opera, is well authenticated; many witnessed his raptures, and have seen him, when he could not gain admittance to the theatre, stand, with his ear close to the wall, to catch the sounds. Some have evidently distinguished airs, testifying more delight at some than others. My father had a cat, unlike many of her kind—which seem heedless of all music but their own purring—for she evinced the most extraordinary feeling whenever she heard the song of 'Mary's Dream.' It was frequently and most sweetly sung by a gentleman, who was sometimes a guest in the house. Poor puss would listen with wrapt attention till she heard 'Sweet Mary, weep no more for me!' when she became excited to an extraordinary degree, mewing most piteously. Had we believed in the transmigration of souls, we should most assuredly have thought that 'sweet Mary' was again an inhabitant of this world, in the shape of a sleek tabby cat. It has been said that even the wild antelope has been known to come out of the woods to listen to music. I have met with an account of the surprise which a party of choristers experienced one evening, when they were enjoying themselves on the banks of the Mersey. As they sat upon the grass, they joined in an anthem; and after a while, as they sang, they perceived a hare come from an adjoining wood, and stop within about twenty yards of them, turning her head with evident pleasure to catch the sound of the music. When the singing ceased, the hare went back towards the wood. When she had nearly reached it, the singing was resumed. She stopped, turned round, and hurried back to the spot where she had before remained to listen: here she stayed, in evident delight, as long as the music continued. When it was over, she walked slowly across the field, and disappeared in the wood. In Mexico, it is absolutely required that the swineherd should have a musical voice, that he may sing when the pigs quarrel, which has the effect of soothing them, and lulling them to sleep at the proper time, which greatly promotes their fattening. The gushing of the wind, and all sounds, it is well known, have a great effect upon these creatures. Snakes can be tamed by music: it is said that even when irritated by pain or hunger, they can be soothed by a plaintive air. Sir William Jones heard from a person on whose veracity he could rely, that he had often seen the most venomous and malignant snakes leave their holes upon

hearing tunes upon the flute. It is thus the Indians free the houses which are infested by snakes; the sound of the flute entices them out from the hiding-places where they lurk. It is said that when the negroes search for lizards, which they make use of for food, they attract them by whistling an air. We may almost credit the powers of the lyre of Orpheus, when we read of a gentleman confined in the Bastille, 'who begged the governor to permit him the use of his lute, to soften, by the harmonies of his instrument, the rigours of his prison. At the end of a few days, he was greatly astonished, while playing on his lute, to see peeping out of their holes great numbers of mice; and descending from their woven habitations crowds of spiders, which formed a circle about him while he continued breathing his soul-subduing instrument. When he ceased to play, the assembly, who did not come to see his person, but to hear his instrument, immediately broke up. As he had a great dislike to spiders, it was two days before he ventured to touch his instrument again. At length having, for the novelty of his company, overcome his dislike of them, he recommenced his concert, when the assembly was by far more numerous than at first. Thus is this anecdote given in 'The Curiosities of Literature,' and has often been reprinted. It may fairly be credited, when we recollect that bees, when flying away, will lag behind if they hear any tingling sound, and their flight, when about to swarm, can be effectually arrested by the sound of a bell, near which they will settle themselves. Bullfinches can be taught to warble an air with the most astonishing precision. Sir William Jones states, on good authority, that when a celebrated lutanist was playing to a large company in a grove near Shiraz, the nightingales were distinctly seen trying to vie with the musician; sometimes warbling on the trees, sometimes fluttering from branch to branch, as if they wished to approach the instrument; and at length dropping on the ground in a kind of ecstasy, from which they were soon raised by a change in the measure. If music has such charms for the lower creatures, well may its influence be great over the human race, whose sensibilities, fond associations, and tender recollections can be awakened by its witching spell? It indeed mingles itself with all our pursuits; it quiets the child in its cradle, as the nurse sings her soothing lullaby; it rouses the patriot's zeal; it stirs up the spirit to revelry, or raises it to devotion; it exhilarates intercourse, and lightens labour; sweet is the milkmaid's song as she plies her task; its cadence falls alike soothingly upon her own ear, and upon that of the cow who supplies her pail. There is in the chorus of the 'yo-ho' of the sailor, as he labours in his vocation, that which makes it lighter.

The very itinerant venders of goods have set their proffered sale to regular notes, so that the different articles which they carry are known long before the words which accompany the cadence are heard. I was much amused lately, when reading 'Letters from a Gentleman in the North of Scotland to his Friend in London,' written before the year 1730, with an account of the manner in which music accelerated the harvest work. He says, 'When there are any number of women employed, they all keep time together, by several tones of the voice, and stoop and rise together, as regularly as a rank of soldiers when they ground their arms. Sometimes they are incited to their work by the sound of a bagpipe; and by either of these things proceed with great alacrity, it being disgraceful for any one to be out of time with the sickle.' They use the same means when thickening the new-woven plaiding, which is done by six or eight women, sitting upon the ground near some river or rivulet, in two opposite ranks, with the wet cloth between them: 'their petticoats are tucked up, and with their naked feet they strike one against another's, keeping exact time, as above-mentioned; and among numbers of men employed in any work that requires strength and joint labour, as the launching of a boat or the like, they must have the

piper to regulate their time.' To keep time seems a natural propensity: why it should be so, may yet be determined by philosophers. It would indeed be far beyond our limits to point out one instance in a hundred that we could enumerate; but in everything we hear (though it may pass without our observing it), there is a kind of measure, and this often suggests subjects to musical composers. A favourite air imitated the yelping of dogs so exactly, that it could not be heard without the resemblance being perceived. One of the most delightful compositions was suggested by the regular strokes of the blacksmith's hammer against the anvil. Sir Charles Bell, in his admirable treatise on the hand, observes—'The divisions of the time in music in some degree depend on the muscular sense.* A man will put down his staff in regulated time; and in his common walk, the sound of his steps will fall into measure. A boy striking the railing in mere wantonness, will do it with a regular succession of blows. This disposition in the muscular frame to put itself into motion with an accordance to time, is the source of much that is pleasing in music, and assists the effect of melody. The closest connection is thus established between the employments of the sense of hearing and the exercise of the muscular sense; the effect of disorders of the nervous system is sometimes to show how natural certain combinations of actions are in the exercise of the muscular frame.' Sir Charles illustrates this observation by a curious case of a young woman who had never been able to learn a common country dance, yet, when under the influence of a morbid mental excitement, in association with the organs of voluntary motion, began to exercise involuntary movements not unbecoming an operadancer. 'At one time she would pace slowly round the room, as in a minuet, with a measured step, the arms carried with elegance; at another time she would stand on the toes of one foot, and beat time with the other; on some occasions she would strike the table, or whatever she could reach, with her hand many times, softly, and then with force. At length it was found that she did everything in rhythms. A friend thought that in her regular beating he could recognise a tune, and he began singing it. The moment this struck her ears, she turned suddenly to the man, danced directly up to him, and continued to dance until she was quite out of breath. The cure of this young woman was of a very unusual kind. A drum and fife were procured, and when a tune corresponding to the rhythms of her movements was played, in whatever part of the room she was, she would dance close up to the drum, and continue dancing until she missed the step, when these involuntary motions instantly ceased, and the paroxysm ended. The physician, profiting by this, and observing a motion in her lips, put his ear close to her mouth. He thought he could hear her sing, and questioning her, she said there was always a tune dwelling upon her mind, which at times had an irresistible influence upon her, and impelled her to begin her involuntary motions. In the end, she was cured by altering the time in the beating of the drum; for whenever she missed the time, the motions stopped.'

The nicety of perception for fine sounds in some minds is as remarkable as the extreme enjoyment they derive from them. A musical friend of ours lately mentioned in our company, that amidst all the noise of a large party, he could distinguish the faintest tinkle on a wine glass, because it was a musical sound. Some years ago, an eminent violinist arrived in Edinburgh, and took up his lodgings in a street where all the houses were externally alike. Returning home late one evening, and having forgot the number of the house, he was at a loss to find his home, till a musical expedient occurred to him. Conceiving that he should be able to distinguish the street-door bell of his landlady's house,

he deliberately went along a small portion of the street, ringing each bell, till he arrived at one of a peculiar tone, which he at once recognised as the right one, and on hearing which, he waited till he was admitted. I do not know if the hero of the subsequent anecdote was in any degree gifted as a musician; but his perception of nicety in tone seems to have been as great as that of Signor E—. It was in April 1836 that Lieutenant Laver, on leave of absence from his regiment, spent a night in the Bush Inn in Manchester. In the morning, as he was sitting at breakfast, a band of street musicians came past, and in one of the instruments (the serpent) he thought he recognised the peculiar style of playing of a man who had once performed on that instrument in the band of his regiment, but who had deserted. The lieutenant immediately ran down stairs, found his surmise correct, and had the man apprehended. To those entirely ungifted with music, such delicacies in this particular intellectual sense seem miraculous.

Mr Burette, and other physicians, have believed that music affected the whole nervous system, so as not only to give temporary relief in some diseases, but to achieve radical cures in many cases. He thought that music could palliate the pains of the sciatica. He conceived that certain vibrations of the nerves, along with other effects produced, to be the cause of this; and that its power of fixing attention, and withdrawing the mind from the feelings which occupied it to different channels of thought and sensibility, awakening dormant sensations, might produce a powerful effect, that might operate on the entire frame, causing changes almost miraculous. Theophrastus asserted that diseases have either been cured by music or mitigated. We find this illustrated in Mrs Grant's 'Letters from the Mountains,' when she mentions the effect which the singing of his attendants had on her little boy, in soothing his last sufferings; but, like everything she wrote, it is so interestingly given in her own words, that it is best to transcribe the passage. 'I, for my part, though a stranger to the art of music, am well acquainted with its power, and subject to its influence in its rudest forms, particularly when it breathes the spirit of that sentiment which for the time predominates in my mind, or wakes some tender remembrance with which accident has connected it. When my dearest little boy was in the last stage of that illness which proved fatal to him, we had three maids who had all good voices. One was afraid to sit up alone to attend my calls, on which the nursemaid agreed to sit with her, and lull the infant beside her. The solitary maid was then afraid to stay alone in her attic abode. The result was, that the three syrens sung in concert a great part of the night, which seemed to soothe the dear sufferer so much, that when they ceased, he often desired that they would begin again. He listened to it three hours before he expired. I never hear the most imperfect note of *Cro Chalin* since without feeling my heart-strings accord with it.'

Sir Henry Halford, in his essays and orations, mentions the case of a gentleman who became insane on the loss of his property, and for months was in such a state of stupefaction, that he remained perfectly motionless, not moving unless when pushed; nor would he speak to or notice any person. Music in the street at length produced its effect. He was observed to listen, and to be still more awakened to its power the second time he heard it. The person under whose care he was, availed himself of this happy omen, and offered him a violin. He seized it eagerly, and constantly amused himself with it. The result was most fortunate: in two months he was dismissed cured. Sir Henry alludes distantly, but affectingly, to the case of George III., who had been his patient, and bears testimony to the power which music had over his mind, mitigating the sadness of seclusion. I have elsewhere met, though I cannot exactly recollect where—it may have been in some of the journals of the day—a most touching account of the venerable king: sightless and secluded,

* Sir Charles was not without prejudices, and the exact thing on which time in music depends may well be considered as still in doubt.—Ed.

a prey to visionary delusions, yet finding a sweet solace for his troubled mind in 'the touches of sweet harmony.' There, at his instrument, he might often be seen, wrapt in thought, as the strings responded to his touch in the sacred strains of Handel.

One of the most remarkable instances of the efficacy of music occurred during the celebrated Farinelli's visit to Spain. The queen determined to try the effect of his astonishing powers on the king, who had had a passion for music. He was then labouring under such a dejection of spirits, as baffled all medical treatment, and disappointed every effort made to divert his thoughts. Neither pleasure nor business could rouse him from the hopeless melancholy under which he laboured. Utterly incapable of managing public affairs, or of enjoying domestic intercourse, he remained in a state of the most deplorable sadness and apathy. Farinelli was placed in a room adjoining that where the king sat; he sang some of his pathetic songs with all the captivating expression for which he was so remarkable. The queen anxiously watched the effect; nor was she disappointed. The king seemed surprised; and as he listened, he became affected, and tears forced their way, and the pent-up feelings gushed forth once more. Another song, and he ordered the attendance of the singer. Farinelli appeared; the king gave utterance to his delight and admiration, and desired him to say how he should reward him for the gratification which his wonderful talents had given. Farinelli, who had been directed how to act, only intreated that his majesty would permit his attendants to dress him, and that he would appear in council as usual. The king complied; his spirits returned; and thus Farinelli effected a cure in some moments which the ablest medical men in Spain, all the devoted courtiers, and the anxious family, had in vain endeavoured to bring about. This affecting anecdote naturally reminds us of the playing of David before Saul, when the evil spirit departed from the king, and he was well. To this very remarkable case the beautiful lines of Cumberland, now almost forgotten, but worthy of being remembered, are appropriate. The last stanza runs thus:—

'The turbid passions shall retire
Before the minstrel's art,
And the same hand that sweeps the lyre
Shall heal the stricken heart.'

As to Farinelli, he rose to the highest favour at court; and, to his great credit, instead of being elated by an elevation so exciting to one of humble birth, he preserved a humility and simplicity which endeared him to the Spanish nobility, and won from them their esteem and confidence. The various anecdotes recounted of this gifted man, reflect as much honour on his disposition and character as they do on the genius that so eminently distinguished him. There was such enchantment in his singing, that it completely overcame Senesino, who was himself one of the finest singers. He and Farinelli had long wished to hear each other sing; the opportunity was at length afforded, and they were engaged to perform at the same theatre. Senesino played the part of an inexorable tyrant, and Farinelli of his unhappy captive. When he appeared in chains, he sang with such exquisite pathos, that Senesino forgot the cruel part he had to sustain; he forgot everything; and, throwing himself into Farinelli's arms, he burst into tears. But this need not surprise us, when we recollect that two hired assassins, who, it may be presumed, were not possessed of very tender feelings, when they waited to fulfil their engagement to murder Stradella, near the door of a church in Rome, where he was taking part in an oratorio, were so completely overcome by his pathetic music, that they not only abandoned their purpose, but confessed it to him, and warned him of his danger. The complete mastery which music often exerts over the mind may be considered its greatest triumph. I need only allude to the *Ranz des Vaches* of the Swiss, and the *Lochaber no more* of the Scotch regiments. Its influence over

the affections may be illustrated by an anecdote connected with a custom which is observed among the Greeks. The young Greek often leaves his home for a foreign land, but never without grief. Fondly attached to the place of his birth, and to his domestic ties, he feels himself an exile wherever he goes, and endures the greatest anxiety on account of those near and dear to him that he has left, and is often haunted with a sad foreboding that he is to meet them no more. When he is about to take his leave, there is a farewell repast, to which the relations and the friends are invited; when it is over, all the guests accompany the traveller some miles on his journey. During this, and at the repast, it is the custom to sing farewell songs; many of these have been long in use, but some are composed specially for the occasion; and it not unfrequently happens that they are composed extempore by some one dearest to him, or by himself. There was such a meeting held one day near Pindus, on the occasion of the youngest of three sons of respectable parents devoting himself to voluntary exile. The deepest regret which he felt in leaving the home of his childhood, was the consciousness that he carried with him no share of the affections of a mother on whom he doted. She, unlike the generality of Greek mothers, had never marked him as an object of her love, but had treated him with a coldness painfully contrasted with her conduct towards her other children; this he had borne without a murmur, but now that he was about to leave her, perhaps for ever, his heart was breaking. The spot chosen for the parting was a wild and desolate scene, among high and rugged rocks. Several of the mournful songs had already been sung, when the young traveller, separating from his company, ascended a rock which overhung the path; here he sang his last sad farewell in tones that sank into every heart, and drew tears from every eye. He expressed, with the deepest pathos, the passionate grief which he felt in quitting his home and those he loved; but his greatest anguish was in thinking he was going without his mother's affection. The heart of the mother was touched; her emotion increased with every word and every note of the pathetic air to which he sang; the warm current of affection gushed from its hidden springs; she clasped him in her arms, and weeping and kissing him over and over again, she intreated forgiveness, and promised to love and cherish him as long as she lived. The promise was inviolably and tenderly kept.

The most simple music, or that which is hardly music at all, often finds its way to the very heart. It is said that Curran attributed his first impressions of eloquence and poetry to the wild chant of the Irish cry, or funeral dirge. The memory of some of those strains, which have been often described as something unearthly, and resembling the melody of an Æolian harp, no doubt flitted across his mind, as he has sat preparing himself for the defence of some client's life, as was his wont, with his violin in his hand, from which ever and anon he drew forth wild and plaintive sounds. It is customary with the improvisatori to sweep the chords of an instrument as they compose their verses, to aid their conceptions. Even the music of bells produces a powerful effect. Who does not feel his spirit lighten as he hears the merry chime of festive bells? Who does not feel a touch of awe as the death-bell tolls? The inhabitants of Limerick are proud of their cathedral bells; and well they may, for they are passing sweet. They boast that they were brought from Italy, and tell of their having occupied the skill of a clever young artist for some years. By the time he had manufactured them, their chime had taken such possession of his heart, that he resolved never to leave them; so that when he sold them to the prior of a convent, he removed to their neighbourhood, that he might still hear their music: he hoped that they would toll his requiem. Troubles came—he lost his property—the convent was laid waste—the bells were taken away—and this grieved the artist more than any of his losses; he wandered over many of

the countries of Europe, hoping to reach the spot where his bells might be. Years after they had been manufactured, it happened that, towards the close of spring, on a lovely evening, a vessel had anchored at some distance from Limerick, and a boat was seen to glide from its side along the Shannon. It had been hired by one of the passengers—the Italian artist—now grown old and gray. He was impatient to reach the city, to which he had traced his much-loved bells. As they rowed along the smooth waters, the steeple of the cathedral appeared in the distance above the surrounding buildings; the boatmen pointed it out to the stranger, as he sat in the stern; he fixed his eyes earnestly and fondly upon it. The boat glided on; but all at once, through the stillness of the hour, the peal from the sweet cathedral bells burst upon the air; the stranger crossed his arms upon his breast and leant back. The shore was reached; the face of the Italian was still turned towards the cathedral, but the spirit had fled, and the bells had tolled his requiem!

MEASURING AN ARC.

THE accurate measurement of a portion of the earth's surface involves so many points of high scientific and commercial interest, that the labours undertaken to effect the object may be regarded as among the greatest triumphs of philosophy. Such measurements were made at an early period by the Greeks, and have been repeated subsequently, as the necessity for greater accuracy became apparent. An almost incredible amount of labour and difficulty has been encountered in performing the operations, arising from various causes. From the confines of the polar circle to the equator, nearly every nation has contributed its share to this important work, of which the ordnance survey now carried on in England may be looked upon as a necessary consequence; there are few governments which have not had a desire to know the precise position and configuration of the country over which they ruled.

It will be seen that the ignorance and jealousies of mankind often cause as much annoyance to peaceful philosophers as to real enemies. On the cessation of hostilities between France and England, in 1783, a proposition was made, through the French ambassador, to the government of the latter country, for a joint survey to determine the exact distance between the observatories of Greenwich and Paris; the proposition was favourably received, and the measurement of the portion of the line between Greenwich and Dover intrusted to General Roy, who had already been employed in similar labours. In a survey of this nature, the distance is measured by a continuous series of triangles, commencing from one base line, which must be determined with the greatest possible precision. General Roy's base line, more than 27,000 feet in length, was measured on Hounslow Heath, near London; its correctness was insured by the employment of three several kinds of measures—a steel chain, and wooden and glass rods, all constructed by the celebrated Ramsden: this preliminary operation occupied from April to August of the year 1784; and from the line thus laid down, the measurement was carried on to Dover, when three members of the French Academy were sent over to confer with the English *savants*, and to decide on the points of land on which the signal-lights should be fixed, by which the measurement was continued across the Channel. The large folio in which all these proceedings are detailed, attests the diligence and zeal with which they were conducted.

In 1790, the French Academy, in consequence of a request from the National Assembly, appointed a commission to report on a new standard of weights and measures. On referring to the standards already in existence, they were found to be so imperfect, that it was recommended to measure anew an arc of the meridian, as the only means of obtaining a true standard. The extreme points chosen on this occasion were Dun-

kirk and Barcelona, both on the sea level; the necessary operations were commenced in 1792, but with great impediments in the turbulence of the Revolution. Mechain, to whom the southern end of the line had been assigned, was arrested while making his observations at the base of the Pyrenees, as a traitor conveying signals to the enemy; and was afterwards imprisoned for nearly a year in Spain, as it was feared that the local knowledge he had obtained might be employed in favour of the French arms. Delambert, his coadjutor, who surveyed in the interior of France, was exposed to still greater risks; he was beset by mobs, his observatories and signal-posts were thrown down and destroyed, and, together with his assistants, he was frequently imprisoned. On one occasion, at St Denis, they were only saved from the popular fury by the presence of mind of the mayor. Sometimes passports were refused them, and at others they were compelled to leave their observations, and give an account of themselves at one of the numerous clubs which then existed in every part of France. The depreciation in value of the assignments with which they had been supplied to pay for what they wanted, was also a cause of great inconvenience. Besides these, there were natural obstacles to be encountered and overcome: in placing the signals, it was often necessary to climb to the top of precipitous and almost inaccessible heights, and to sleep there without any protection from the weather. Such, however, is the energy inspired by a genuine love of science, that the work was at last successfully completed by the eminent individuals engaged.

Some time afterwards, on extending this line from Spain to the Balearic Islands, the persons employed underwent severer privations. Biot and a brother philosopher were shut up for two or three months in a temporary cabin on the top of a rock in the little island of Formentera, while waiting for an opportunity to observe the signals on the heights of Ivica. Arago, who watched during a similar period from a dreary spot called the desert of Las Palmas, was afterwards taken for a spy at Majorca, and on attempting to escape disguised as a peasant, was captured, and imprisoned several months in the citadel. On regaining his liberty, the ship in which he embarked was wrecked on the coast of Africa; he then sailed for Marseilles in an Algerine vessel, which was made prize of by a Spanish corsair at the entrance of the port. The Algerine was, however, reclaimed; and sailing a second time for France, narrowly escaped destruction on the shores of Sardinia, and was ultimately driven back, with several feet of water in her hold, to Algiers. In this city M. Arago lived for six months, in the garb of a Mussulman, until an opportunity offered of sailing once more for France. The convoy was met and captured by an English squadron; but in this instance fortune favoured the astronomer; the vessel in which he had embarked was the only one that escaped and arrived safely at Marseilles. When to this account we add the labours of the Swedish philosophers while measuring an arc in the dreary and frozen regions of the north, we have striking examples of what may be accomplished by perseverance; to this apparently humble virtue the greatest philosopher, as well as the humblest artisan, is indebted for success.

The history of one of the most recent surveys has just been published by the direction of the East India Company,* over whose territories arcs have been measured extending from Cape Comorin to the Himalah Mountains. The directors have had in view the publication of an atlas of that important country; and to insure correctness, by actual observation, the labours recorded in the volume now under notice, extending over a period of fifteen years, were undertaken. On measuring a base line near Calcutta, so many obstructions to the view were opposed by trees, that two towers, each

* An Account of the Measurement of Two Sections of the Meridional Arc of India. By Lieutenant-Colonel Everest. London: Allen and Co. 1847.

seventy-five feet high, were built at the extremities. From this the line was extended northwards to the district known as the Doab, where the impediments to observation seem to have been increased. 'The inhabitants,' according to Lieutenant-Colonel Everest, 'in common with those of other parts of India, are congregated in villages and towns which vary in extent and character according to the wealth and traffic of the owners, from the veriest hovel composed of straw, to the costly four-storied edifice of masonry; but instances of isolated dwellings are rare, and hardly ever met with, except in the case of indigo planters, or now and then a temple or mosque, the bare walls of which offer no temptation to the plunderer. The villages, however, lie so thickly scattered over the surface, that it is difficult to trace a line in any direction so as to pass free of all habitations, and quite impossible to calculate on seeing between the breaks which occasionally appear in the dense belt of foliage; for, in the very few instances where such do exist, they stand altogether at random. In fact, generally speaking, the trees form to all appearance a continuous dense belt of foliage, at the distance of four or five miles from the eye of the observer; and if an interstitial space is anywhere found, it as often as not leads to low marshy or other land totally ineligible as a principal station.

'The smoke from the daily and nightly fires which, particularly in the cold season, envelopes the villages, and clings to the groves surrounding them; that arising from brick and lime-kilns, and conflagration of weeds; the clouds of dust raised by herdsmen and their cattle in going out to graze in the morning, and returning in the evening; by travellers and processions of men, carriages, and cattle, proceeding along the divers roads for business or pleasure; and by the force of the wind, the slightest action of which suffices in this arid, parched-up soil to obscure the view—form an assemblage of obstacles which it is only possible in very favourable contingencies to surmount.

Northwards from the Doab lie the Sewalik Hills, and the beautiful valley of the Dehra Dun; in the hilly country higher observing stations became necessary, and as these were to be permanent structures of solid masonry, the determination of the best locality for them was of much importance. This was accomplished by means of tall bamboo masts, sufficiently strong to bear a scaffolding, with a tent, signal-lights, and observers; at the top of this a smaller bamboo was attached, which afforded the means of exhibiting a blue light at a height of ninety feet above the surface of the ground. Thirteen such stations were required; and as large bamboos are not to be found in Upper India, orders were sent to all the commissariat officers in the neighbourhood to procure supplies from the country boats on the rivers, and forward them to Agra as a temporary depot; at the same time the other materials required were accumulated. The blue lights were burned at intervals of ten minutes; and as they were seldom visible to the naked eye, an observer was constantly on the watch with the telescope to mark the first moment of ignition—a work of no small labour, when it is considered that from each station six others were observed. The towers which replaced the temporary erections are massive structures of solid masonry, fifty feet high, with a railed platform at the top, from which observations are taken.

Of Betal, a civil and military station in the Mahadeo mountain range, we read that, in 1824, it was 'so notoriously unhealthy, as to have appropriated to itself *par excellence* the appalling title of the Valley of Death. That valley has since become highly cultivated and flourishing, and is considered one of the healthiest places in the tropical parts of India. This is not, however, the case with the mountain range in general, which continues to be about as deadly a tract in 1840 as it was in 1824. It is a long and weary journey through this unhealthy range; the inhabitants are scanty, the water and provisions are scarce, and it is only at certain sea-

sons of the year that travelling through them can be attempted with any reasonable prospect of impunity.' Notwithstanding all precautions, the party suffered severely from sickness while traversing the region of the Mahadeo mountains.

Recent improvements have tended greatly to diminish the chances of sickness in out-of-door operations in tropical countries. The atmosphere being best for the perception of distant objects when it is charged with humidity, there was a standing order for the surveying party to wait till the first heavy fall of rain, and then take the field. 'It is easy to conceive,' writes Colonel Everest, 'what a reckless waste of life and health was caused by this exposure to the pitiless pelting of the tropical rains, in forest tracts teeming with miasma: no constitution, European or Asiatic, could bear up for any length of time against such a complication of hardships as thence arose—eternal watchings by day, to the prevention of all regular exercise; tents decomposing into their original elements; servants, cattle, baggage, clothes, bedding, *la cuisine*, all daily dripping with rain; every comfort which the indwellers of cities and leaders of regular lives deem essential to happiness, and even to existence, remorselessly sacrificed; and yet, strange to say, except when under the actual influence of a jungle fever, which sometimes swept like a destroying angel over us, and prostrated the whole camp in one night, we hardly ever knew what it was to have a sorry hour. Surely the great trigonometrical survey of India in those days was the proper school to teach men how to laugh at the calamities and nothingness of life. The introduction of lamps and heliotropes has totally changed the face of things; and by rendering the rainy season the least fitting period for observing luminous objects, especially those dependent on cloudless skies, has afforded an opportunity, of which I eagerly availed myself, to spare the health of my valuable subordinates, by ordering them to desist from field operations at the very period which, in the early part of my career, and my four years' heavy apprenticeship, used to be chosen *par excellence* for their commencement.'

Lieutenant-Colonel Everest looks forward to the period when the meridian arc, commencing at Cape Comorin, will be extended northwards to the extremity of the Russian dominions, near Nova Zembla. 'The trace contemplated,' he observes, 'would extend our geographical knowledge over a part of the globe highly interesting and but little known; and though, in truth, there is a belt to be passed through of several hundred miles in extent, over which the Chinese government have a control nominal or real, yet as that belt is bounded by the territory of Russia on the north, and the British possessions on the south, the jealousy to be apprehended from that source would no doubt be mainly counteracted by the influence of two such potent neighbours, could they be persuaded to act combinedly.'

THE LATE PROPRIETOR OF THE 'TIMES.'

A REMARKABLY interesting memoir of Mr Walter appeared in the 'Times' of September 16th, from which it appears that he was the son of a bookseller and publisher of London, was taught printing as a trade in early life, afterwards spent some time in study at Oxford—being then designed for the church—but ultimately devoted himself, in the year 1803, to the management of the 'Times,' then a languishing paper in the hands of his father. His career during the forty-four subsequent years appears to have been a remarkable example of unobtrusive diligence and skill directed to a specific end. It also forms a valuable illustration of the rise and progress of the newspaper power in England—to which no man contributed more than he.

On obtaining the sole charge and property of the 'Times,' he instantly remodelled its establishment, and worked the scanty supplies of capital at his command with what

other nations call the felicitous temerity of English enterprise. His genius was essentially creative; and while his extraordinary foresight enabled him to anticipate the demands of the public, his untiring energy pointed out to him the way to execute them. Like some great military commanders, Mr Walter seems to have been gifted with an intuitive perception of character, and he soon organised a corps of agents whose zeal and intelligence were almost equal to his own. The difficulties which he encountered at the very outset of his career, would have daunted any ordinary mind; to say nothing of the opposition he met with out of doors, the paternal auspices were anything but encouraging. His persevering, and, for a long time, fruitless efforts to introduce greater expedition in printing, were treated as a piece of juvenile folly and extravagance, and excited his father's serious displeasure. Indeed it is not a little remarkable that the two earliest acts of Mr Walter's life which bespeak the enterprise and high-mindedness of his character—namely, his efforts just referred to, and his abolition of the system of theatrical puffs, which, up to his time, were a source of considerable revenue to the daily press—became the subjects of painful comment in his father's will.

'The attributes of a newspaper forty years ago bore that general resemblance to those of the present day that the child does to the man. There were leading articles, criticisms, foreign intelligence, reporting, and miscellaneous news. The first difficulties of reporting had been surmounted; its second epoch had not yet arrived. When Mr Walter entered the world of journalism, he found a very small but well-organised corps of reporters connected with each of the morning papers; in that department, therefore, he had too much prudence to attempt originality of design, but he wisely aimed at its extension and practical improvement. In criticism he pursued a course somewhat similar, but differing in this respect—that he sought to elevate its moral character, and to render it dignified by insisting that it should be impartial. His honourable labours for the purification of diurnal criticism were commenced early, and continued late. With unceasing vigilance he endeavoured to protect the drama, the fine arts, and the literature of the age from the evil influence of venal panegyric on the one hand, or unscrupulous malignity on the other. Few amongst the labours of his long life have been crowned with more real and less apparent success; for not many undertakings are more difficult than any attempt to disabuse the public mind of a persuasion that a friendly or a hostile bias must necessarily govern the tone of every critical lucubration; but as Mr Walter despised temporary advantages, and considered not the probable condition of affairs to-morrow or next day, but how they would work in "the long-run," so he relied upon ultimately securing the grand desideratum of impartial and independent criticism, by following out in that department pretty nearly the same rules that he applied to all other concerns. He began by setting an example of independence in the more important affair of the political department of his journal. He was too proud for a partisan, and the force of sympathy attracted to his side men of his own stamp in moral feeling, though with mental accomplishments of a character wholly dissimilar. From amongst these his profound knowledge of human nature enabled him to select a succession of writers as incapable of yielding to personal pique or private favour as any class of men that have ever yet contributed to a public journal; but in this important branch of journalism the reputation of Mr Walter was of slow growth, and some twelve or fifteen years elapsed before the world fully acknowledged his inaccessible independence.

'The progress that he made in the department of foreign intelligence was, however, more rapid. Forty years ago, all Europe was one vast theatre of war; and it was no light achievement for the voice of the press to make itself heard amidst the roar of Napoleon's artillery. But in mercantile affairs apparent difficulties become instruments of victory when courage and conduct happen to be united with wisdom and capital. All Mr Walter's rivals supported or opposed the ministers of that day. In supporting a vigorous prosecution of the war, without supporting either the party of the minister or that of the opposition, he lost the political assistance of the one, and the foreign information of the other; but he won the hearts of the people of England. The monied and the commercial class supplied the sinews of war. Early intelligence has long been the vital principle of British commerce. Mr Walter's mind became fired

with the noble ambition of being its first and greatest purveyor. Those very difficulties which inferior spirits viewed with dismay, protected him from rivalry, and so became ancillary to conquest. Wherever important events were in progress—no matter on what part of the continent—some emissary of his was in the midst; not perhaps such a complete and varied agency as is now established, but one sufficient for the exigency; and before the close of the war, Mr Walter's broad-sheet had become to the British merchant a necessity of his existence. Under various disguises, and by means of sundry pretexts, his *employés* on the continent ascertained facts, and conveyed them to London—often at imminent risk, always at prodigious expense. But he was amply rewarded; for he outstripped the government couriers, and half the trade of London proceeded on the faith of the intelligence that he published.'

Allusion is next made to the intensely *English* character of Mr Walter, and his remarkable Napoleonic power of surrounding himself with energetic coadjutors. 'His great discrimination and munificence collected around him the ablest writers of the age, and that formed the second source of early success. A third was that extreme self-reliance which unfitted him for party purposes, and protected him from the necessity of labouring for party interests. A fourth was his extraordinary boldness and resolution. That spirit, though it often brought him into difficulties, operated most favourably in its ultimate results. Of this truth a striking exemplification occurred in 1810. Towards the latter end of May in that year, the pressmen—not those who arrange the types, but those who impress their forms on the paper—insisted upon increased wages. The men then employed in working the *day* newspaper came to the "Times" office in Printing-House Square, and called upon their brethren to join them in a combination which was illegal under the circumstances, and must at any time have been regarded as unjustifiable. They insisted upon uniform rates of wages throughout all the printing-offices, overlooking the fact, that the men of the "Times" enjoyed indulgences, as well as opportunities of extra labour and reward, which in other quarters were denied. At first Mr Walter was disposed to make concessions; but a boy employed at the "Times" office informed him that a conspiracy had been organised not only amongst the pressmen, but amongst the compositors also, to abandon his employment under circumstances that would stop the publication of the paper, and therefore destroy the most valuable property that he then possessed. The complaints of the compositors not only had reference to wages, but to a particular description of type then getting into use—the effect of which type, it was alleged, would materially diminish the remuneration for piece-work. These unfortunate men bound themselves by a solemn oath, that unless the proprietors of the "Times" acceded to the previously unheard-of terms which the general body of the London compositors and pressmen then thought proper to dictate, the combination into which they had entered should be carried out into its fullest effect.

'The "strike" took place on a Saturday morning. Mr Walter had only a few hours' notice of this formidable design, and, beset as he was, most men would have submitted to any conditions; but as he despised mediocrity, so he hated compromise. Having collected a few apprentices from half-a-dozen different quarters, and a few inferior workmen anxious to obtain employment on any terms, he determined to set a memorable example of what one man's energy can accomplish. For six-and-thirty hours he himself worked incessantly at case and at press; and on Monday morning, the conspirators, who had assembled to triumph over his defeat, saw, to their inexpressible astonishment and dismay, the "Times" issue from the hands of the publisher with the same regularity as ever. A few months passed on, and Mr Walter brought out his journal every day without the aid of his *quondam* workmen; but the printers whom he did employ lived in a state of the utmost peril. Two of them were accused by the conspirators of being deserters from the royal navy, and this charge was supported by the testimony of perjured witnesses, but eventually fell to the ground. Those, however, who thus conspired against his men, were not permitted to go unscathed. He had been for some time cautiously but unceasingly engaged in the discovery of evidence sufficient in a court of law to bring home the charge not only of illegal combination, but of the still higher offence that had been

committed—the crime of conspiracy. His legal advisers at length informed him that he might prefer a bill of indictment against twenty-one of the men who attacked workmen whom he had recently employed. On the 8th of November 1810, the persons thus accused were placed at the bar of the Old Bailey. The trial lasted eight hours. Mr Walter, with several other witnesses, underwent long examinations, and the offence charged in the indictment was brought home to nineteen of the prisoners. The chiefs of the conspiracy, two in number, were sentenced to two years' imprisonment; three others to imprisonment for eighteen months; three for twelve months; and eleven for nine months. Thenceforward everything like combination ceased in Printing-House Square. It is believed that by that operation Mr Walter never expected to effect any diminution of wages; on the contrary, the incomes of the men were gradually improved: they were relieved from the expenses of combination societies, and the intemperance which their meetings—always held in public-houses—frequently occasioned; a fund was created to provide for sickness as well as old age; and from the year 1810 to the present hour, the "Times" office has been by far the most advantageous place in which a competent printer can obtain employment. It is a fact worthy of being recorded, that a very considerable number of the younger compositors of the "Times" are men whose fathers have been in Mr Walter's employment. Although the conviction of the conspirators had led to no direct pecuniary saving, nor had ever been intended to produce that effect, yet Mr Walter had secured future protection for his men, protection for his property, peace in his office, and the full command of his establishment; he could now do as he pleased with his own, and an admirable use he made in after-years of the resources which his perseverance, talent, and courage had enabled him to command.

"We cannot quit this part of our history without recording another highly characteristic anecdote which a friend and eye-witness has kindly communicated to us. We give it in the words of our informant:—

"In the spring of the year 1833, an express arrived from Paris, bringing the speech of the king of the French on opening the French chambers. The express reached the 'Times' office at ten A. M. There was no editor on the spot—no printers; but Mr Walter was in Printing-House Square. He sent for ****. ****. ****. Not one of them was to be found. I, too, was sent for, but was out. It was a 'Mail' day. I came to the office about twelve o'clock, and found Mr Walter, then M. P. for Berks, working in his shirt sleeves at ease. He had himself translated the principal parts of the speech, and was setting up his own translation with his own hand, assisted, I think, by one compositor. He gave me a proof of what he had set up, and desired me to read over the speech, and see whether he had omitted anything material. I found only two very short sentences of any importance omitted. I translated them, and Mr Walter set them up. The second edition, with the speech, was in the city by one o'clock.

"Had not Mr Walter turned to in the way he did, the whole expense of the express must have been lost; for I am sure that there was not one man in the whole establishment who could have performed the double part which he executed that day with his own hands."

It is not surprising of one so self-devoted as Mr Walter, to learn that he took little ease, and scarcely ever entered society. One of his greatest feats was his introduction of steam printing—for he it practically was who gave the world this invention. The first printing machine employed in England was erected in his office in 1814. It was an invention absolutely essential to a large newspaper circulation, seeing that, by common presses, only a comparatively small number of copies can be thrown off within that space of time which makes all news lose its savour. By and by the circulation of his journal became so extensive, that even at the rate of 1100 per hour, it took six or seven hours each day, with the machinery and the steam-engine at full speed, to satisfy the public demand. Once more he exercised his own ingenuity, while summoning to its aid the ablest men of the period, and by means of further improvements, increased speed was attained; but the additional supply seemed to inflame instead of satiating the public appetite, and 5000 copies per hour do not now suffice to meet the still growing and apparently indefinite demand. From Mr Walter's mind the improvement of printing machinery seemed scarcely ever to have been absent; and in the latest year of his invaluable life, his atten-

tion was given to a new engine of power tenfold greater than that which Koenig originally suggested. To describe the machinery now in work at Printing-House Square would require a goodly volume, and no small amount of complex diagrams and elaborate drawings; but the material fact in Mr Walter's biography is this, that whereas before his time 5000 copies of important intelligence could be circulated in the course of a day, ten times that number can now be issued without any duplicate composition of the types. As many as 54,000 copies of one number of the "Times" have been worked off by the present machinery fully in time for the despatch of the mails."

Some personal traits of the 'potentate of Printing-House Square,' as he has often been called, are curious. It is asserted that he combined, what are so rarely seen together, 'the wisdom and circumspection which accompanies age, with the strong passions, vivacity, and cheeriness of early youth. No one moved about more than he did, but he was not impelled to the indulgence of locomotive habits by any childish impatience of restraint. His intense activity did not result from any series of temporary impulses, but from a sense of duty which his position and his previous life had imposed. Within certain limitations, it might be said that he preferred an interview to a letter. In his intercourse with total, or even comparative strangers, he—being a cautious man of the world—liked to communicate through third parties—through the agency of the half-dozen professional gentlemen who were respectively at the heads of the several departments which he himself governed in chief. But with those whom he admitted to his acquaintance, he generally conversed rather than corresponded; he therefore largely patronised every mode of conveyance that served to bring him into contact with those whom he desired to see, or to escape from the bores who desired to see him. Men incapable of understanding his character would exclaim, "Strange man that he is! no sooner settled steadily at his business in the City, than he is off to the West End, no one knows about what; then back in the middle of the night for an hour or two, and the next morning at sunrise away to Bearwood!" At one moment tempted from home by the stirring calls of business, the next invited to return by the recollection of past happiness, and the hope of future enjoyment. An almost consuming zeal for the improvement of the "Times" newspaper alternated with his passion for planting and pruning, creating artificial lakes and undulating lawns. At night, seated in the editorial chair, directing the pens that made the popular voice of England heard in every court of the continent, spending his strength in the foul atmosphere of the City, and the exhausting labours of a newspaper office; in a few hours afterwards, however, the earl of the lark and "incense-breathing morn" restored his jaded faculties, and the same hand now wielded a woodman's axe which, a short time previously, had been guiding the greatest political engine in Europe.

The memoir makes strong claims for Mr Walter, on the score of his political sagacity and liberality, and for the vast power which he exercised in public affairs. We dispute not the power, but we fear that the whole political life will not bear strict scrutiny with advantage. The changes of tone and sentiment in the 'Times' throughout the last fourteen years alone have been so marked, as to impress indelibly on the general mind its want of any fixed principle. This cannot be altogether a popular delusion. We were once much struck by hearing a remark on that journal from one of the most philosophical writers of our age—one unconnected with journals—'So great and powerful, without a high and unimpeachable morality, what would this paper be if it were otherwise!' We are reluctant, however, to do more than indicate the one subtraction which most persons will make when they read the history of this extraordinary, and in many respects admirable man. Let the unequivocal good that was in him have the last word. 'It was,' says the memoir, 'by a rare combination of qualities that Mr Walter was enabled to achieve the great work which has immortalised his name. From the first dawn of life, he had set his mind on purifying and strengthening public opinion, by the creation of an organ which, as a necessary means to its end, should beat in perfect unison with the heart of his country. No one can suppose for a moment that this was an easy task, yet none but Mr Walter's most intimate friends can have any conception of the difficulties and trials he encountered in the progress of his work. The mere physical labour which it imposed upon him required a constitution of uncommon

vigour and buoyancy. For many years, he never enjoyed a single unbroken night's rest, while his days were consumed with restless anxiety, either in counteracting the increasing attempts that were made to thwart his undertaking, or in devising new means to promote it. The success that crowned his exertions brought peril in its turn of a still more subtle and deadly character. The opposition of enemies might be overcome by energy and perseverance: the treacherous favours of the great might insinuate themselves when open hostility had failed. Against both, however, Mr Walter was proof. No dangers or difficulties could daunt him; no proffered advantages conciliate him. So careful was he to avoid even the very appearance of evil, where his honour and independence were concerned, that he shrank from accepting the slightest compliment that could be construed by the bitterest enemy into an attempt to bias his judgment or flatter his self-esteem. Bearing always in mind the saying of the wise man, that "a gift perverteth the understanding of the wise," he steadily refused even those apparently harmless acknowledgments which undoubtedly sprang from the purest gratitude, and which were offered to him in common with some of the most illustrious men of his day. Among other instances, it may not be generally known that at the close of the war he received through the Spanish ambassador a splendid tea-service of gold plate, as a memorial of the vigour and constancy with which he had kept up the spirit of this country during the manifold vicissitudes of the Peninsular war. Mr Walter instinctively shrank from a supposed interchange of personal favours with a Ferdinand, or any set of advisers who might happen to be ascendant in Spain. No sooner had the glittering bauble tantalised the eyes of the feminine spectators, than it was returned to its case, and sent back as it came." This noble self-denial—a proof of watchful integrity—alone covers the name of Mr Walter with undying honours.

THE COUNT DE DIJON.

Of this eccentric but benevolent French nobleman the following anecdote is related:—

One morning during the last winter, being at his country residence, he recollected that the lease of an inn called the Red Cross, about three leagues distant, had expired. The landlord was soliciting a renewal; but wishing to judge of the state of the premises, he set out on foot, although the weather was intensely cold, and the snow falling.

At some distance from his château he overtook a wagoner walking along by the side of his cart. Between pedestrians acquaintance is soon made; and it was not long before the count discovered that the man's name was Penot, his wife's name Marianne; that he had five children, and as many horses; and that all he had to depend on for the support of his family and cattle was his errand-cart.

But all at once, while they were walking on in earnest conversation, the leading horse made a false step, fell down, and broke his leg. At this sight the wagoner cried out in despair, and began to use epithets which are not to be found in any vocabulary of polite conversation.

'You do wrong to utter such language, my friend,' said his companion; 'your conduct in this small misfortune is really sinful. How can you tell what may be the intentions of Providence towards you?'

'Will you hold your peace?' replied the wagoner. 'I wish you were in my place, and that you were losing that fine horse instead of me. Do you know that he cost me twenty-five louis? Do you know how much twenty-five louis are? I am afraid not. What will my poor Marianne say? No, if God were just, He would never have permitted the horse of a poor man like me, with a large family, to have broken his leg.'

'And I tell you again, my friend, that it is wrong to doubt the goodness of God, and for twenty-five miserable louis.'

'You talk very much at your ease about twenty-five louis, as if you knew anything at all about them. Did such a sum ever find its way into your pocket, I wonder? Oh my poor horse! Twenty-five louis are not to be found upon the highways.'

'Well, I will give you the twenty-five louis; so compose yourself,' said the count.

'Oh, you are making game of me into the bargain!'

exclaimed the wagoner, throwing a contemptuous look at the well-worn brown surcoat of his companion. 'You will give them to me—you will steal them then, I suppose? Come, say no more about it, but lend a hand at unharnessing the poor beast. Marianne, poor Marianne! what will she say!'

The count readily did as he was desired, and gave all the assistance in his power; but this accident having caused considerable delay, they did not arrive until late at the Red Cross Inn.

'Can you give me a room and a bed?' said the count to the landlord.

The latter seeing a foot traveller, covered with snow, and without either a cloak or an umbrella, haughtily replied, 'There is no room for you here; you must go elsewhere.'

'But I should have to go a league further, which would not be very pleasant in frost and snow: let me have any place; I am not particular.'

'I should think not, indeed,' replied the hostess; 'but our inn is not for every one that comes the way. I admit none but respectable people—all wagoners; I will admit your companion, but not you.'

'Allow me at least, madame, to share the supper and room of my companion.'

'As to that, it is no concern of mine; you must settle it with him.'

The count then turning to the wagoner, repeated his request.

'Well, be it so. Come then, good woman, supper for two, and a comfortable room.'

When supper was over, they paid their reckoning, and retired to their apartment; the count then made some inquiries respecting the people of the house.

'I know,' replied Penot, 'that they have well feathered their nest; this is the only inn in the district, and during the nine years they have kept it, they must have laid by a pretty good sum. Oh if my poor Marianne and I had such an inn, I should not grieve so much for the loss of my horse!'

'Well, if this house suits you, you shall have it.'

'Why, how bravely you talk! First you say you will give me twenty-five louis, and then you say you will give me an inn. I cannot help laughing at the idea. However, take care; I tell you I won't be played upon.'

'No play in the case. I tell you that if you like this house, I will give it to you,' replied his companion.

'And I tell you again, that if you say another word, I will turn you out of the room,' said the wagoner.

He seemed a likely person to do so, therefore the count said no more.

The next morning the count rose early, and repaired to his solicitor in the next town. After some conversation between him and the solicitor, the latter set off for the Red Cross.

On reaching the inn, he told the landlord that the count had arrived.

'Mercey on us!' exclaimed the landlady, 'where is he? Why would he not honour us by putting up here?'

'He came here, but you refused to admit him,' replied the attorney.

'That is not true; he never came here.'

'Yes,' said the attorney, 'he came here last night in company with a wagoner. Where is this wagoner?'

'There he is,' replied the landlady, pointing to a stout-looking man, who was eating his breakfast near the fire.

'My friend,' said the attorney, addressing himself to the wagoner, 'the person with whom you shared your room last night is the Count de Dijon. In the first place, here are the twenty-five louis he promised to give you for the loss of your horse that broke his leg; and in the next, here is a lease, which puts you in possession of this inn for nine years, on the same terms as your predecessor: but in order to repay you for your hospitality last night to a poor pedestrian, the count gives it to you rent free for the first three years. Will that suit you?'

'Oh my poor Marianne—my five children! Oh my good sir!' exclaimed the wagoner, letting the knife drop from his hands; 'and I who said such rude things to that kind gentleman! Where is he, that I may go and throw myself at his feet?'

'He has returned to his château,' replied the attorney.

THE JEWS AT ROME.

THE Jews first settled in Rome at a period not now to be exactly determined, and under the emperors inhabited the region of Trastevere, where they had a synagogue; they continued in the same location under the popes, though at liberty to reside in other parts till the time of Paul IV., who, by a bull issued in 1555, obliged them to settle on this side the Tiber, within a given circuit, thus originating the enclosure called the Ghetto. Their numbers were allowed to increase under Leo XII., and their quarter was enlarged.

The question of the era of their first establishment in Rome has been discussed at a reunion of the Roman Academy of Archaeology.

The professor of Hebrew in the Roman university opposed, on that occasion, the opinion that the Jews had been first located in Trastevere by Augustus, or that Pompey had conducted them in slavery to Rome after his capture of Jerusalem. He maintained the probability that at least a portion of the colony in Rome had been conducted hither from Asia Minor in the time of the republic; finding support for this opinion from the use of the Greek language in some ancient sepulchral inscriptions belonging to this nation in Rome. He observed that the number settled here at the time of Caligula amounted to about 25,000. So numerous were they at the time of Augustus, that, according to Josephus, 8000 residents accompanied the ambassadors arrived from Jerusalem to the imperial palace. Their burial-place was discovered by Bosio, outside the Porta Aortese, in 1602, with several tombs, on one of which was the seven-branched candlestick, on another the Greek inscription, ΣΥΝΑΓΩΓΗ, proving that their synagogue had existed in that quarter.

The present population of the Ghetto was computed at 3600 five years ago, the number of families 800; but the contemporary press now raises the number of inhabitants to 5000. Amongst these, 2000 are paupers; 1000 support themselves by various trades, chiefly that in articles of dress; and the rest, in easy circumstances, have made their fortunes by merchandise. It is much to their honour that the poor, to whom the rich are so disproportionate in number, are entirely supported by the alms of their co-religionists; and the sick, though admission is open to them alike with Christians into any hospital of Rome, are provided with every attainable comfort, medicine, and advice, from Jewish doctors, without leaving the Ghetto. The chief practitioner of the medical profession (which they are only allowed to exercise among themselves, nor can it consequently be any road to distinction or affluence) is the high priest, who every morning goes his rounds to the houses of the sick, after attending the daily devotions in the synagogue. We have met this functionary, attended by a servant in a Turkish dress, and received with marks of profound reverence as he passes on his medical progress; his imposing and majestic appearance, with a turban, a flowing beard, and long vestment, added much to the Oriental character the scene already possessed, from the *al fresco* habits of living, and peculiar physiognomies of the inhabitants. The high priest (or more properly *capo-rab-bino*) has lately arrived here to fill the place of his deceased predecessor from Jerusalem, where, we have been informed, seven dignitaries of this rank preside over a college supported by the subsidies of the Hebrew communities scattered over the world for the education of rabbis; and with this central synod, the community of Rome is in regular correspondence. Subordinate to him are six or seven *prophets*, to perform the usual service in the synagogue, here called the *scuola*.

It is another circumstance much to the honour of the Roman Israelites, that their children of both sexes are almost all educated at the expense of the community; the wealthier parents contribute to the support of the teachers, but the children of others are received at the schools without any exaction of payment, and thus all among the inhabitants receive the same degree of instruction. There are five spacious class-rooms, in a rambling and outwardly dismal-looking mansion; the expenses, over and above what the slight assistance received from the wealthier covers, are defrayed by a contribution made on the simple method of carrying a money-box every day through the streets. At about five years of age, the children begin their studies with the Hebrew language, which precedes the Italian, and they are to a degree masters of this before

even learning the letters of the latter. The religious studies, taken entirely from the Old Testament, occupy the early part of the day; then follow the profane, consisting of writing, accounts, ancient history (Greek and Roman), the Italian language, and, for the higher classes, a course of logic, the author used for which is Soave, a writer once in more general repute than at present.

We regret that there is still so much in the condition of this people at Rome imperatively calling for amelioration, before it can be said that they have been dealt with in the spirit of Christian justice. The confinement within a given space (directly tending to confirm national failings, to keep alive whatever prejudices, whatever narrowness of ideas may possibly exist, and to widen the alienation from those whose intercourse might be of healthful consequence) has hitherto prevented them from leaving their quarters after sunset, when the gates are shut, or from settling in any part of the city, however unexceptionable be their character or station—leaving only the privilege of depositing wares for merchandise in buildings without the enclosure. This evil has been, in its principle at least, abolished by the beneficent sovereign; but others, which a deputation of Israelites has submitted to his clemency and judgment—such as the prohibition against the exercise of liberal professions, of all occupations coming within the category of *arts*, thus confining industrial energies to a narrow, unintellectual, and profitless circle—these are grievances which, we trust, cannot long continue to be felt by any of whatever persuasion among the subjects of Pius IX.—*Roman Advertiser*, as quoted in the *Voice of Jacob*.

MEMORY.

I AM an old man—very old;
My hair is thin and gray;
My hand shakes like an autumn leaf,
That wild winds toss all day.
Beneath the pent-house of my brows,
My dim and watery eyes
Gleam like faint lights within a pile,
Which half in ruin lies.

All the dull years of middle age
Have faded from my thought;
While the long-vanished days of youth
Seem ever nearer brought.
Thus, often at the sunset time
The vales in shadow rest,
While evermore a purple glow
Gilds the far mountain's crest.

O'er happy childhood's sports and plays,
Youth's friendships, and youth's love,
I oftimes brood in memory,
As o'er its nest the dove.
In fancy through the fields I stray,
And by the river wide;
And see a once beloved face
Still smiling at my side.

I sit in the old parlour nook,
And she sits near me there;
We read from the same book—my cheek
Touching her chestnut hair.
I have grown old—oh, very old!
But she is ever young,
As when through moonlit alleys green
We walked, and talked, and sung.

She is unchanged—I see her now
As in that last, last view,
When by the garden gate we took
A smiling short adieu.
Oh Death, thou hast a charmed touch,
Though cruel 'tis and cold;
Embalmed by thee in memory,
Love never can grow old.

D. M. M.

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